

CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

NORMAND BURR, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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HARTFORD, FRIDAY, JANUARY 17, 1851.

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THE CHRISTIAN SECRETARY

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TERMS.

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ROBERT NOURSE, GENERAL AGENT.

Obituaries of Revolutionary Patriots.

DIED: In Waterford, Dec. 29th, STEPHEN NEWBURY, Esq., in the 90th year of his age. Had he lived till May next, he would have entered his 100th year. Born in the palmy days of George 2nd, before the Revolutionary war had fairly commenced rolling, his tenacious memory enabled him to recall scenes with which he delighted to amuse and instruct the youth around him, and even gray hairs were willing listeners to his recital of anecdotes which reached back a whole generation beyond the recollection of others, accounted very aged. Steadman was the youngest of 12 children. At the age of 14 years he lost his father, and was thrown upon his own resources. In Dec. 1772 he was married when he wanted five months of being 21 years of age. He lived with his wife about 72 years, and she died at the age of 96, leaving a numerous and respectable family of several different generations. Mr. Newbury took a deep interest in the Revolutionary War, and in its patriotic struggles bore an honorable part. He was consequently a Revolutionary Pensioner during his declining years. His recollection of the incidents connected with the burning of New London and the massacre in Fort Griswold in 1781 were minute and full. Of the Prince of Traitors, Arnold, he had treasured up incidents which we have never so well learned from any other source. It was during the war that he presented himself as a candidate for baptism in the 1st Baptist Church of Waterford. This step was taken with much trembling and he needed considerable encouragement from Elder Zadoc Darrow, then lately ordained pastor of the church. He proved himself an efficient member. He was for many years the principal agent of the church in secular affairs and in discipline was distinguished by a willingness to serve in difficult cases, and a remarkable success in reconciling differences among brethren. He has been remarked by him that he believed he had never failed to reconcile disaffected and contending brethren whenever he had been appointed on such committees—an assertion which is undoubtedly correct. To him the Church in Waterford were greatly indebted for information connected with their early history, and his accounts on that subject as well as on other points were the more reliable on account of his punctilious accuracy in stating facts, which was increased by the useful habit of minuting down important memoranda, from which he could refresh his memory. His physical strength, for one of his advanced age, was almost without a parallel. Perhaps not a year has passed for these 80 years, when he has not used his scythe; and up to a week before his death he had saved and split the wood for his family. On Monday, Dec. 23d, during the storm, despite the remonstrance of his family, he was out drawing logs from his wood-pile to his wood-house, resolutely engaged in sawing and splitting the same, like a man in his vigor. But during the storm, that day, he took a severe cold, which in five days carried him to his grave. His mind during this interval seemed to be dwelling on "home." He wanted to go home, "where the weary are at rest," and sank peacefully away with scarce a struggle, Dec. 29th. Elder Augustus Bolles preached his funeral sermon on the last day of the year 1850. Certainly Father Newbury's history has been an instructive one. How often have we heard this aged saint exclaim, "If God should refer it to me to choose when I should die, I should refer it back to God, for he knows what is best."—[N. Y. Recorder please notice.]

FROM KENTUCKY. Summary Rheumatism Cured. BARTSTOWN, Ky., July 10, 1849. JAMES SANDS—Gentlemen: It is my duty to acknowledge facts in relation to the beneficial use of your Sarsaparilla. My wife was afflicted with inflammation and sores of the stomach and bowels; her limbs and chest were swollen; she had constant headache, and spring was attacked with influenza, the result of the best medical aid we could obtain only momentary relief; and while in this situation, she heard of the man, remarkable for his use of your Sarsaparilla, and commenced its use, which produced instant relief, and less than six bottles entirely removed the distressing swelling and every other inflammatory symptom, restoring her to perfect health. I state this as an act of justice, believing it to be my duty to encourage the suffering on of the human family to use Sands' Sarsaparilla, which I believe has no parallel in the catalogue of medicine. With feelings of lasting gratitude, I remain your friend.

SAMUEL F. HARGER.

and the following from

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 12, 1849.

JAMES SANDS—Gentlemen: I take the liberty of sending you a letter which may be of importance to those who are afflicted with the disease, cured by your Sarsaparilla, which has been cured of a malady after suffering six weeks. I thereby cheerfully certify to the good effect of your medicine, and I hope God will reward you for the good you have done. A one cough had tormented me day and night, and repeated attacks of fever induced me to believe that I should die with consumption. One day, while suffering a violent attack of burning, a friend persuaded me to try your Sarsaparilla, and I immediately commenced its use, and in a few days I was enabled to tell the truth, I had no side medicine in it. I finally purchased a bottle, and its use and the help of God, I was restored to perfect health. I had enjoyed for six years, I do not but bless the author of this admirable medicine.

With great respect, I am, gentlemen,

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PHILADELPHIA ART UNION.

The public are informed that the annual distribution will take place on the 31st of December.

The Engraving by RITCHIE is from a drawing by the celebrated artist of "MERCY'S DREAM" and is executed in the various styles of stipple, Line and Mezzotint.

Among the prizes will be a copy of "Huntingdon's picture painted by JAMES McMEURTER JR. which with the frame is valued at \$1,000.

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WM. JAS. HAMERSLEY,

emotion, he expressed a desire "to go home," if it were the will of his Heavenly Father. His prayer was unexpectedly answered. He retired to bed in tolerable health, as usual, and in the morning was found with closed eyes and a calm and composed expression of countenance, evincing that he had "fallen asleep in death," as one

"Who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, And lies down to pleasant dreams."

His numerous descendants mourn the loss of a patriarch in primitive Christian virtues and patriotic example, while his meek and paternal spirit will enliven his memory in the minds of a large circle of friends.—N. L. Chron.

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on purpose to find out the most unfit and discouraging period of it for the most necessary difficult and important work in the world.—Come, then, now devote yourselves to God, and away with all excuses and delays."

Religious Changes in Germany.

The Paris correspondent of the Presbyterian, in giving an account of the late Conference of Evangelical ministers from all parts of Germany, which met at Stuttgart, states some cheering facts:—

Mr. Hassler, a pastor of Rhenish Bavaria, obtained the floor, for the sake of requesting a testimony against Rationalism, which is overrunning his country, and laboring by means of a new constitution, to fashion a doctrine and worship after its own image. After producing the proofs of this, he said that a feeble, oppressed minority, of which he made part, had, on this account, appealed to all the German theological Faculties, and that all, with a single exception, had decided in favor of the Gospel, condemning the rationalistic constitution. "As for the rest," continued he, "there are around me representatives from the greater portion of those Faculties; let them be so kind as to confirm here, publicly, their testimony. Then, members of seven of our universities were seen presenting themselves, one after another, at the rostrum, and in strong terms declaring in favor of the just claim of that minority, cried down as *pietistic*. These were the Professors Ullmann, for Heidelberg; Schmidt, for Tübingen; Ebrard, for Erlangen; Dörner, for Bonn; Veller, for Breslau; Hengstenberg, for Berlin, (where the university-testimonial had been written by Nitzsch) and Julius Müller, for Halle, to whom many other professors of the same universities, present at the Assembly, might have been joined. Unite heartily in the remarks suggested by this occurrence to the pious pastor Bonnet.

When it is recollected that twenty years ago, at most, Rationalism reigned in all these Faculties as sovereign master, how can one avoid feeling penetrated with joy, and rendering glory to God, on seeing such a transformation! And what a future is reserved for the Church by that army of young Leuites, who are annually coming out to those schools, regenerated by the power of faith in the Gospel of Christ! That Gospel is eternal. * * To place human reason, or as others speak in our days, *Christian consciousness*, (Mr. Bonnet alludes to the new opinions of Mr. Scherer, "on the throne, instead of the Gospel of God, is the greatest folly that can enter a human brain. 'Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?' To Him be glory, and good courage in the heart of all those who know and believe that heaven and earth shall pass away, but that his words will never away!"

He is a Dull Preacher.

Well, are you by any means certain that you are not a dull hearer? Let us understand each other. Men are so fond of blaming others when they ought to blame themselves, that it is quite possible all is not right with you. What do you call dull? There are religious books, which the great majority of men would regard as dull reading, and yet there are many persons who read them with the greatest satisfaction and profit. Does your mind incline you to read such books? Have you any real taste for religious reading? Is the Bible a dull book to you? Do you study its pages with delight, or do you open it carelessly now and then, and read a little, just as a matter of form? By answering these questions honestly, you may perhaps ascertain whether your own mind is in a state to be interested and profited, even by good preaching. If every sermon seems dull to you, which is not studiously decked out with the flowers of language, and held forth all the turns and flourishes of rhetoric, or, to change the figure, if you have no relish for plain, wholesome, substantial fare of the gospel, but must have every thing which is set before you, high spiced and savory, then it is very questionable whether any preacher ought to wish or desire to please you—whether he would not greatly undermine his vocation, by consenting to use it for such a purpose.

But suppose he is a dull preacher—for we are far from saying that there are no such preachers—does this justify you in staying away from the sanctuary, or running away from your customary place of worship to some other congregation? There is hardly any sermon so poor and so dull, that will not, if you attend to it, furnish you with profitable thoughts. But then, the object of attending upon the public worship of the sanctuary is not merely to hear the sermon. We ought to go there, not simply with passive, but with active minds—not simply to be moved upon by the preacher, as a dead and silent instrument is awakened by the touch of the musician, but to make known our wants and requests unto God, to take hold in thought of those great subjects which are kindred to the

place and the occasion, to present ourselves personally before God, in the place where he has promised to meet his people and bless them. And for any professed Christian to speak of the services of the sanctuary as lost, unless the sermon and the preacher are entirely to the taste, is to take a very low view of the use of the sanctuary, and to encourage in those about him a kind of contempt for the public worship of God's house.

We have known professors of religion to absent themselves from the services of the Sabbath, on the ground that the pulpit was to be occupied by some one whom they regarded as a dull preacher. It is related of a certain Scotch divine, that being called one Sabbath to occupy the pulpit of Dr. Chalmers, in Glasgow, at a time when Dr. C. was in the height of popularity, and noticing, soon after he entered the pulpit, that great numbers were coming and looking in at the door and passing away, while many others who were already in their seats, were quietly stealing out of the house, he arose and with a loud voice announced that the services of God's house would not commence until the chaff had blown off.—And he had the right of it. Those in any congregation who are guilty of such conduct as that which he rebuked, will usually be found the chaffy portion of the congregation.

Reapers Wanted.

The increase of able ministers falls far below the wants of the rapidly growing population of our own country, to say nothing of the wants of other lands. Among ourselves and among other denominations, the claims of this subject have never been met, and of late, have seemed to receive less regard than formerly. We notice that Dr. Humphrey has commenced, in the Puritan Recorder, a series of articles, in which he sets forth the great importance of that machinery of means by which more reapers may enter the fields white for the harvest. We quote from the first number of this series:

"I own that I am appalled by the fearful looking for of a great famine in the land; not a famine of bread, nor a thirst of water, but of hearing the words of the Lord, if God does not soon interpose by the more copious outpouring of his Spirit upon our seminaries and congregations, and if he does not move the churches by a real impulse, to help educate those young men of piety and promise who have not the means of educating themselves. God will work no miracles to raise up able ministers of the New Testament, such as the age demands; and we have no reason to expect that he will call a sufficient number from the classes that need no pecuniary aid in preparing for the most responsible work in the world. The natural gifts of the poor are as rich and various as those of the higher classes! Quite as many of them are early brought into the kingdom of Christ, and I shall endeavor to show that in this day of Zion's enlargement, and when the Macedonian cry from 'regions beyond,' is waxing louder and louder, wafted as it were upon every gale from land and ocean, it is as much the duty of the churches to help educate pastors and missionaries, where young men can be found of suitable qualifications who need their aid, as it is to send out missionaries after they are educated, and support them in home or foreign fields."

A Siberian Winter.

The traveler in Siberia, during the winter, is so enveloped in furs that he can scarcely move; and under the thick fur hood, which is fastened to the bear-skin collar and covers the whole face, one can only draw in, as it were by stealth, a little of the external air which is so keen that it causes a very peculiar and painful feeling to the throat and lungs.—The distance from the halting place to another takes about ten hours, during which time the traveler must always continue on horseback, as the cumbersome dress makes it insupportable to wade through the snow. The poor horses suffer at least as much as their riders, for besides the general effect of the cold, they are tormented by ice forming in their nostrils and stopping their breathing. When they intimate this, by a distressed snort and a convulsive shaking of the head, the drivers relieve them by taking out the piece of ice, to save them from being suffocated. When the icy ground is not covered by snow, their hoofs often burst from the effects of the cold. The caravan is always surrounded by a thick cloud of vapor; it is not only living bodies which produce this effect, but even the snow smokes. These evaporation are instantly changed in millions of needles of ice, which fill the air, and cause a constant slight noise, resembling the sound of torn satin or thick silk. Even the reindeer seeks the forest to protect himself from the intensity of the cold. In the tundras, where there is no shelter to be found, the herd crowd together as close as possible to gain a little warmth from each other, and may be seen standing in this way quite motionless. Only the dark bird of winter, the raven, still cleaves the icy air with

low and heavy wing, leaving behind him a long line of thin vapor, marking the track of his solitary flight. The influence of the cold extends even to inanimate nature. The thickest trunks of trees are rent asunder with a loud sound, which in these deserts, falls on the ear like a signal-shot at sea; large masses of rock are torn from their ancient sites; the ground in the tundras and in the rocky valleys cracks, forming wide yawning fissures, from which the waters which were beneath the surface rise, giving off a cloud of vapor, and become immediately changed into ice. The effects of this degree of cold extend even beyond the earth. The beauty of the deep polar star, so often and so justly praised, disappears in the dense atmosphere which the intensity of cold produces. The stars still glisten in the firmament, but their brilliancy is dimmed.

Socialism in France.

Yesterday I was witness of a curious and painful instance of the fanaticism of some of these Socialists, in a trial of several persons for illegal association, in which woman are concerned.

The judge asked a female, one of the accused, and who seemed to belong to a respectable class, 'You are a Socialist?' 'I am a citizen,' said she, as it were something to be proud of. 'You are an adversary of the rights of property?' 'Citizen,' she answered, 'property has no rights—it is a robbery.' 'You object to marriage?' 'I think it, citizen an infamous thing, because it leads to the oppression of woman by men.' 'But if there were no marriage society would be given up to prostitution?' 'Call it what you please, citizen; but I maintain that man and woman should be allowed to follow their own inclinations unchecked by any law!' But children would be illegitimate? 'So much the better, citizen!' 'Who would be responsible for bringing them up?' 'The community; the rearing of children is a charge which should not be thrown on either father or mother?'

'Woman,' cried the judge, trying in vain to check his indignation, 'what you say is abominable!' 'In your opinion it may be, citizen, but it is not in mine!' And the amiable creature seated herself with the swelling dignity of a tragedy queen. And to think that such abominable principles as these are entertained by thousands and tens of thousands, are millions—verily it is no wonder that France is *malade*.—Paris Correspondent of the Britanica.

The School Mistress and her Canine Friend.

One of the most touching instances of canine attachment, of which we ever heard, was related to us the other day, by a matron of the neighborhood where the finale of the melancholy event transpired:—

"A young lady of one of the northern towns of this country, while engaged in teaching school, the past summer, a few miles from her home, was singled out towards the close of the engagement, without any apparent inducement, by the dog of one of her employers, as the peculiar object of his regard, which soon unaccountably increased to such a degree that he could scarcely be beaten from her side, or prevented from entering the school-house, to which he daily repaired.

At the termination of her school, which she left in falling health, when about to start for her paternal residence, the dog gave signs of his determination to follow her, which perceiving, she turned to the owner, and soon effected a purchase of the animal, which now joyously attended her home. Her first words, on entering the house, were—'Mother, I have come home to die, and have brought a friend here to watch over my grave.' After making this announcement she immediately took to her bed and sunk rapidly in a typhoid, which in about a week terminated in her death.

During her whole sickness, the faithful and evidently sorrow-stricken dog never, but for a few moments at a time, left the sick room, constantly lying directly at the head of her bed, and seeming but too blest when permitted to lick her fevered hand, which was occasionally extended for his tender caresses. As her final hour drew near, he became indifferently about food, and soon refused it altogether. After her death, which he seemed to comprehend, he continued to watch by the corpse, only at one time leaving it, and that was when the coffin case, which having arrived with the coffin, was carried and placed by the grave previously dug in an enclosure near the house. He then, having some how been made aware of what was going on, came out of the house, went to the case, and with his paws on the side, looked in and seemed to examine it attentively. He next jumped down into the grave, and appeared to inspect that also with equal care and attention. He then came out and hurried back to his post by the corpse, which he continued to watch till it was brought out for interment, when he closely followed the coffin, and looked sorrowfully on, as it was lowered to its final resting

place and the grave filled up. When his lunatic fellow-mourners retired, however, he remained behind, and lying down at the head of the grave, could not be induced to leave the spot, refusing, for the first few days, all food, then for a week or two sparingly received it when brought to him, and at last, going occasionally to the house for it, but only to dispatch in haste what was set before him, and return to his sad and lonely vigil, which, night and day, he still continues to keep up over the remains of his beloved mistress.—Vermont Freeman.

Mrs. Blannerhasset.

Mr. Mansfield, of the Cincinnati Chronicle, in a recent article, gives the following version of the death of Mrs. Blannerhasset:

"The end of all Mrs. Blannerhasset's beauty and elegance was sad enough. She died as late as 1843, in the city of New York, in absolute poverty, and attended and laid in the grave by the charity of a society of Irish females."

While travelling in the neighborhood of Blannerhasset's Islands, a few years since, we spent a night at the residence of Judge Cutler, father to the Hon. Wm. P. Cutler, late speaker of the Ohio house. He was well acquainted with Blannerhasset and his wife, and gave us some particulars concerning them, which, if more widely known would detract greatly from the character which history and romance have given that lady. Judge C. says she was beautiful and highly accomplished. She was fond of the chase, and rode the wildest horses. She was also a great pedestrian. He says he has often known her to walk from her residence to Marietta and back in a day, a distance of twenty-four miles. But with her manifold accomplishments, and great beauty of person, Judge C. said she was at best but an accomplished courtizan. We conversed with several individuals on the subject of Burr's visit to the Island, who were familiar with the circumstances, and one and all, they agree that the story derived most of its interest from the eloquence of Wirt, they are united in the opinion that Mrs. Blannerhasset was the cause of the ruin of her husband, and gave us many particulars of the life she led that we forbore to mention.

That Wm. Wirt should have woven the subject of her downfall into a strain of the finest eloquence in the language, is now proof only of the genius of that great man—it served its end, but from all we can learn, we fear that Mrs. Blannerhasset is indebted to that for much of the romance, and all the purity of her character.

REMOSE AND DESPAIR.—Charles IX, of France, was a modern Nero, as the memorable St. Bartholomew's massacre, conducted under his auspices

